

OF
REGENERATION.

Joh. 3. 3. *Except a Man be Born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of GOD.*

By THOMAS LOE.

AS I from Adam did proceed,
I am a Child of Wrath,
Polluted both in thought and deed,
And in a State of Death.
No part without, nor yet within,
Is free without a Stain
Defiled wholly, dead in Sin,
Till I am Born again.
A Bond-slave unto Satan, I
Remain, thro' Snares and Lust,
A Rebel, worthy am to Die,
If God should deal as just:
The sadness of my State to tell
No words can make it plain,
A Wretch like to be lost in Hell,
Except I'm Born again.
In this sad state, what hope can I
Expect in any wise,
Who wretched thus Condemned I be
Before my Maker's Eyes
How can I then but live in Fear,
Expecting to be Slain,
When Christ to Judgment shall appear,
If I'm not Born again?
What tho' Conviction on me fall,
Of ev'ry Deed and Thought,
And loss of all I have wrought;
As Sin, that I have wrought;
The Law at last would seize on me,
My Guilt would still remain;
From Wrath I never shall be free,
Till I be Born again.
What though Repenting I should Mourn
In sense of Sin each Day;
Yea, each known Duty should perform,
And wholly change my Way;
With Zeal and Fervour striving till
All Sin I could refrain,
Alas! I should be wretched still,
Not being Born again.
What if my Knowledge should avail,
Great Mysteries to unfold;
Or, if my faith should so prevail,
That through the same I could
Great mountains out of place remove,
And Misery's gates restrain,
I might be left wanting that love
That's wrought when born again.
Should I of Truth profession make,
To all example be;
Yea, suffer death for Jesus sake,
The Flames consuming me:
And by each righteous Act should I
My self a just man feign,
I might be lost eternally,
Not being born again.
Should I to such Attainments reach,
That Saints should me Admire;
With Zeal the truth to others teach,
With seeming true desire:

Thus should I spend my time and Breath,
Yet all would be but vain
To me if I should find at death
I was not born again.
Should I endeavour Day by Day,
The way of life to clear
To others and be cast away
When Jesus doth appear
What loss would be my recompence
And Misery my gain
If Christ should say depart thou hence,
Thou art not born again.
What if the Saints through Christ by grace,
Are join'd to God in one,
To see his reconciled face,
As their delight alone;
Are now become that one new man
That is made up of Twain,
I nothing till the better am,
As yet unborn again.
If I believe that Christ hath dy'd,
Sinners from wrath to free;
And by his blood, that Justify'd
All true Believers be:
Yet what is that to me if I,
Did never yet obtain
A power or rain this to apply
Through being Born again.
The time that's left here, I should take,
With speed to know my State,
Striving in peace with GOD to make
Before it be too late,
The time that's past sufficient is,
That I in Felt have lain,
I pray therefore I may not miss
Of being Born again.
Would God but seize upon my Heart,
His Law upon it Write,
Bestow on me that better part
So pleasing in his Sight:
Had I true Faith, tho' yet as small
As Mustard-Seed, a Grain,
Yet might I then Rejoyce with all
That now are Born again.
Then might I wait with joyful Thought
For Christ's approaching Day,
When Perfect Peace to all is brought
Who love and keep his way:
All will it find, but some too late,
When Christ shall come to Reign,
There's nothing like to such a State
As being Born again.
What would Vengeance will on those
At Christ's appearing fall,
Who Sin and Death have rather chose,
Than to obey his Call.
Eternal Wrath will be the Lot
Of all with curs'd Cain,
Who in their Life-time cared not
For being Born again.